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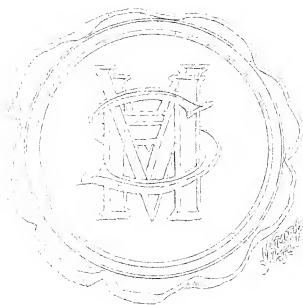
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The Hoop pole

THE HOP POLE

1918



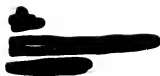
INDIANA COLLECTION

The Hoop Pole

Published by the Senior Class of the Mt. Vernon
High School

SEVENTH ANNUAL EDITION

1918



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**To former M. V. H. S. Boys in Service this number of the
Hoop Pole is affectionately dedicated**



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HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

In presenting the Hoop-Pole of 1918, we make no apologies. They are unnecessary. Each member of the staff has given his best efforts to make this Hoop-Pole the stellar edition, that it is.

Too much credit can not be given to the Business Manager and her staff with whose financial aid we have been able to offer the many new features.

To Miss Smith, whose untiring efforts have contributed so largely to the success, we give our most sincere thanks.

Finally, we offer this Hoop-Pole to you readers as an example of the quality of work which has been done by the Senior Class of 1918.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Miss SmithHead of English Department
 Orvan R. HallEditor in Chief

Assistants.

Lillian Davis
 Oliver Seifert
 Lionel Allen
 Ray Hames
 Bertha Ashworth
 Emma Fullinwider
 Lyman Davis
 Louise Ashworth

Mary Ruminer
 Fred Thomas
 Dorothy Doerr
 S. Jett Williams
 Mildred Blakely
 Bessie Jeffries
 Hazel Bottomley
 Ivan B. Thomas



BUSINESS STAFF

C. E. Sandefur Principal
 Josephine Kelley Business Manager

Assistants

Paul Scherer
 Clarence Schenk
 Eleanor Page
 Loren Russell

Walter Conlin
 Harriett Green
 Madeline Forthoffer
 Lillian Stephens

SENIORS



CLASS OFFICERS

Orvan R. Hall	President
Lillian Stephens	Vice-President
Fred Thomas	Secretary
Lionel Allen	Treasurer

Class Motto—"Impossible is Un-American."

Class Colors—Old Rose and Silver.

Class Flower—Killarney Rose.



Lionel W. Allen

"Sister"

Track '15, '16, '17, Captain '18.
Football '15, '16, '17, '18. Relay
'16. Hoop-Pole Staff. Athletic
Play. Class Treasurer.

I, too, am fair and that has been my
undoing.

Winfred A. Allyn.

Don't worry about your work.

Bertha Ashworth

Glee Club. Hoop-Pole Staff.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

Lonise E. Ashworth

Glee Club. Class Poet. Class Play.
She was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never
loud.

Mildred B. Blakely

Hoop-Pole Staff. Secretary of War
Savings Society.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.



William D. Bokehman
"Bill"

Aw, why should life all labor be?

Charles Bonnell

What should a man do but be merry?

Julia Hazel Bottomley

Hoop-Pole Staff.

Perseverance gains its need,
And patience wins the race.

Charlotte H. Brinkman

Glee Club.

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

Henry W. Chambers

Let the world slide.



Ruth Ellen Coke

The blush is beautiful but it is sometimes inconvenient.

Walter G. Conlin
"Peanuts"

Hoop-Pole Staff. Athletic Play. Senior Play. Football '16.

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ and the difference of things which are alike.

Leonard B. Davis
"Archibald"

Elocution '17.
Mark me and be astonished.

Lillian A. Davis

Hoop-Pole Staff.
The glory of a firm, capacious mind.

Lyman B. Davis
"Lemon"

Basketball '17, '18. Football '17.
Athletic Play. Senior Play. Hoop-Pole Staff.

It is a great plague to be too handsome a man.



Dale DeFur

"Skinny"

Senior Play.

Plague, if they ain't sumpin' in work
'at kind a' goes agin' my convictions.

Dorothy Anne Deerr

Basketball '17. Athletic Play. Hoop-
Pole Staff. Class Play.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind,
the sweetest charm of woman.

Herbert Forthoffer

"Casey"

I do put on a sober habit, talk with
respect and swear not at all.

Madeline Forthoffer

Hoop-Pole Staff. Glee Club.
There's many a black, black eye, they
say,
But none so bright as thine.

Emma Fullinwider

"Em"

Class Play. Hoop-Pole Staff. Glee
Club.
To those who know thee not, no
words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint.



Harriett Green

Hoop-Pole Staff. Basketball. Athletic Play.
She has a tongue with a tang.

Oryan R. Hall
"Hally"

Class President. Editor in Chief of Hoop-Pole. Athletic Board of Control. Athletic Play. Senior Play. An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.

Ray Hames
"Hamsey"

Like a lake, still but deep.

Bessie May Jeffries
"Bess"

Editorial Staff. Elocution '16.
A pleasant smiling cheek, a sparkling eye.

Josephine Kelley
"Kelley"

Hoop-Pole Staff, Basketball, Athletic Play, Glee Club, Class Play, Orchestra.
Her lot is made for her, by the love she accepted.



R. Glenn Knight

I am as sober as a judge.

William McKelligott
"Kelly"

I love the ladies.

Eleanor Page.

Class Play. Athletic Play. Basketball. Hoop-Pole Staff. Glee Club.
A maid that paragon's description.

Mary Ruminer
"Sis"

Hoop-Pole Staff. Glee Club. Orchestra. Debating '17, '18. Elocution Representative '15, '16. Athletic Play. Basketball. Class Play. Operetta.

Angels listen when she speaks.

Loren H. Russell
"Rusty"

Hoop-Pole Staff.
Give thy thoughts no tongue.



Clarence H. Schenk
"Gek"

Football '16, Captain '17, Basketball '17, '18, Debating '18, Athletic Play, Hoop-Pole Staff, Orchestra. And sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.

Paul C. Scherer
"Pete"

Hoop-Pole Staff, Athletic Board of Control, Debating '18, District Discuss on '18, Man is his own star, and the soul that can Render an honest and a perfect man, Commands all light.

Raymond A. Schneider

I was born an American; I live an American, and I shall die an American.

Katheryn Scott

Glee Club, Operetta. I thank God I am not a woman, taxed with so many giddy offences as He hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Benjamin W. Seifert

His heart is fixed.



Oliver W. Seifert

Hoop-Pole Staff. Football '16, '17.
Orchestra.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be;

Few in the extreme, but all in the degree.

Lillian Stephens

Vice-President. Hoop-Pole Staff. Glee Club. Elocution '16.

O woman! Thou wert fashioned to beguile;

So have all sages said, all poets sung.

Fred Thomas

Class Secretary. President of War Saving Society. Hoop-Pole Staff. Debating '17, '18. County Discussion '17. Winner of South Western Indiana Oratorical Contest '17. Class Play.

They say the great die young, and I am feeling a little sick, myself.

Ivan B. Thomas

Athletic Play. Hoop-Pole Staff. Debating '16, '17, '18. Discussion '16. My Country is the world.

Juanita Tudor

Glee Club.

Work for the night is coming.



Beulah Walker

Elocution '16, '17, Oratory '17,
Honors come by diligence, riches
spring from economy.

S. Jeff Williams

"Grape-Vine"

Hoop-Pole Staff, Class Play, Athletic
Play, Debating '17, '18, Discussion
'17, Basketball '17, '18, Orchestra,
Oratory '17, Track '17, Football
'17.

He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple of
his argument.

Private Ralph Notter, Private Lloyd M. Fitz Hugh and Apprentice Seaman Frederick Leonard would have graduated with the Class of '18 but are now in service.

CLASS POEM.

O'er the horizon comes stealing
A light that is soft and clear,
Staining the sky all crimson and gold;
The dawn of a new day is near.
Years we've prepared for its coming,
Those trials, however, are past;
We are ready to take up the world's work;
For us has the dawn come, at last.
It is hard to leave friends and classmates,
For each on his way to depart,
But the Master of workmen has called us,
We are willing to do our small part.
For we have worked and have striven,
A strong foundation laid,
But after all 'tis only
A beginning we have made.
Our real work lies before us,
Preparation alone is done,
None knows what the new day will bring us
Before our success is won.
Like a beacon light—a promise
Comes the sun's bright disc in sight,
And upon the earth comes flooding
All the radiant morning light.
For the dawn of a new day is breaking
After the mists of the night,
With courage and hope we will meet it,—
Our future, with promise bright.

—LOUISE ASHWORTH.

Words by
Louise Aohworth
& Emma Fullinwider

CLASS SONG

Music by
Percy Fullinwider

The musical score is written on six systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first system contains the lyrics: 'Full many a class through these portals has passed On their way to the'. The second system contains: 'big world awaiting but the class of them all whether large whether'. The third system is labeled 'CHORUS' and contains: 'Small is the class that is now graduating You may say what you'. The fourth system contains: 'please you may search land and seas but you'll find we're the best in the shop'. The fifth system contains: 'Now mark what we say we'll be famous some day Just you watch us go'. The sixth system contains: 'over the top you may top'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Prepared by Emma Fullinwider

Full many a class, through these portals has passed
On their way to the big world awaiting,
But the class of them all,
Whether large, whether small,
Is the class that is now graduating.

CHORUS:

You may say what you please,
You may search land and seas,
But you'll find we're the best in the shop.
Now mark what we say,
We'll be famous some day,
Just you watch us go over the top.

The time draweth nigh, we must soon say good-bye,
Friends and scenes dear, we now must be leaving;
Wherever we go,
We want you to know,
We shall still strive and still be achieving.

THE GLORIAD.
(Class History)

CANTO I.

How the great from unknown causes sprang,
And how our class arose from lesser things,
I sing. This record of our former deeds shall
Unto our class and the great world too
Great is the subject, also the praise,
If you but appreciate our former school days.
Twelve years ago upon a bright September day,
We registered for education eager for the fray,
Those tasks so great with which we then engaged
Threw our sensitive minds into a mighty race,
Soon we mastered Reading, Writing and Numbers
Which first had troubled us e'en in our slumbers.
The maid soon acquired the art to tell
When all with the young lord was well,
The lord with courage great and mighty deed,
Soon gained her praise—his well earned meed
Then finally the Goal upon which faint hopes were centered,
Was won—and M. V. H. S. was entered.

CANTO II.

We entered High from far and wide,
Some here, some there, against the sturdy tide
Expecting all our troubles to be done,
Alas! we found that they had only just begun
We Dauntless Pilgrims three and forty strong,
Soon made our mark in books and sports and song
Triumphantly we came upon the scene,
Though by the lookers-on, considered green,
By our demeanor surely held it true,
This Maxim: "Better be green than blue,"
The dainty maidens very soon had proved
That they, by some were worthy to be wooed
The boys e'en captivated higher classmen's girls
By manners, Fords, or voice or curls.

CANTO III.

Our brave adventurers soon advanced a step,
With extra credits, vim and lots of pep,
Each one his hated mantle green then doffed,
Henceforward to be designated Sophs
Great talents hitherto but faintly guessed
The Sophs at once began to manifest;
And soon gave evidence that they would show,
That of the classes many that did so
Through this great school they were the very best,
The class of '18 led all the rest,
Ability and work soon led to regions higher,
And soon to Juniors be they did aspire.

CANTO IV.

The glorious class by various means had been depleted,
Till of those who first competed,
With upper clansmen for their rights,—no more,
There now remained of all but—44.
For some the call to colors held them most,
But of this number there was not a host.

CANTO V.

And now at last the Pinnacle they reach;
The high mark set before them—goal of each,
With beating hearts triumphantly elate,
They enter now the Senior High Estate.
Theirs now the right to look about
With condescending mein; and flout
The lower classmen, much as they
Were flouted at an earlier day.
Theirs now the privilege to maintain,
The standard set by others without stain.
Such was their progress we shall see each name
Some day inscribed within the Hall of Fame.

—LYMAN DAVIS.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.

There's a path in the Land of Memory.

At the place where the rainbow ends,
And to our school-days, past and gone,
A winding way it wends.

We follow the road;—through the veil of years

We catch now a glance and a gleam
Of happy years in high school spent,
When Life was but play,—and a dream.

At the end of the rainbow, so we're told,

Is a wonderful pot of gold,
For which explorers vainly searched,
In myth and legend old.

But those who follow the winding path,

To the place where the rainbow ends,
Will find instead of the fabled wealth,—
The memory of old friends.

—LOUISE ASHWORTH.

PROPHECY

"One more great invention to the credit of the famous class of '18!" A smile of triumph lighted the fine face of the speaker as he proudly regarded the machine on which he had been working. Making his way through the untidy room to the open window, he stood gazing down on the brilliant street of the great metropolis.

"Now whom shall I assemble for the try-out? Let's see, there are several of our class in the city—Madeline Forthoffer, renowned mathematician, for one. Madeline succeeded in solving the great problem that has baffled the world for ages—the problem of squaring the circle. Men of all times have been driven mad by that seeming impossibility, and to think that a woman accomplished it!

"Then there is Bertha Ashworth, noted bacteriologist. Bertha, after years of scientific study and research, made the great discovery that Spring Fever is due to a germ, and is now spending all her time in the effort to find a specific for it.

"Winfred Allyn also is within reach, and so is Henry Chambers. They surely are entitled to a seat of honor at the exhibition, since it was their wonderful inventions which first gave me the idea of mine. This little wireless pocket telephone, conceived and perfected by the great mind of Winfred Allyn, is one of the greatest contributions to the world ever known. And the wonderful contrivance of Henry Chambers whereby ships at sea are propelled by means of waves of the air, by operators on land many miles away. These marvelous achievements of my friends gave me confidence in my own plan.

"And now to assemble these geniuses." Taking a small compact instrument (Winfred's convenient little invention) from his pocket and releasing the spring which controlled it, he was soon in communication with the inventor.

"Hello Winfred! This is Ivan Thomas. My invention, I think, is a success. Come over to-night and we'll give it a final trial." He then proceeded to call the others and received a flattering acceptance from each.

It was an eager, excited group that gathered that night about the strange looking object, the success or failure of which meant so much to the inventor, and to the world.

"I shall not bore you with details as to the mechanism," said Ivan as he seated himself before the machine. "But by means of this device I can control certain atmospheric waves so that the pictured representation of whatever scene I desire can, by the manipulation of various keys, be projected before me much after the manner of the mirage that appears to the traveler in the desert.

"And now for the test. What is your pleasure, friends?"

"We are all members of the great class of '18—let's see what has befallen the rest of our comrades," suggested Henry; as Ivan leaned anxiously over the machine and touched several mysterious keys.

Slowly there appeared to the wondering gaze of the watchers an indistinct, quivering jumble of shapes and colors, which gradually settled and formed a picture of startling distinctness—a vast auditorium packed with people of all stations in life, while a large man on the platform held them spellbound by his wonderful oratory.

"Benjamin Seifert! Well who would ever have thought it!"

A skillful adjustment of levers caused the vision to fade, and a deft touch of keys brought forth another. Again an interior was shown—a magnificent moving picture theatre. The first picture flashed upon the screen was a large portrait surrounded by ornate letters making this announcement:

DALE DE FUR
THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Then followed the chief events of his life—all in the natural colors instead of the familiar black and white effects.

"How much prettier it is than the old way," said Bertha.

An entirely different scene next appeared. A peculiar looking craft rocked gently upon the waves near the shore of a tropical island. One of the occupants was steadily pumping while another wound a stout line upon a windlass. Presently appeared a strange, goggle-eyed monster, which the excited watchers soon discovered to be a deep-sea diver. He clumsily boarded the boat and removed the helmet of his diving suit with an air of relief.

"Well how in the world did William McKellikott ever happen to be a diver?"

"Oh I know how that came about, Ivan," volunteered Madeline. "He heard about the beautiful mermaids that are said to live there and thought he would go to see."

Our friends were then transported from the South Sea Islands to the frozen north merely by the touch of a key and changing of a lever. A solitary aeroplane, of the latest model, winged its lonely way over vast stretches of snow and ice.

"I see it is equipped with your propelling apparatus, Henry," said Ivan. "So I'll wager he gets there, wherever he's bound for."

Farther and ever farther north it flew till suddenly it dipped toward the earth and as it stopped, the fur-clad driver climbed out, and after carefully taking his observations, began vigorously nailing the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole. Turning, he raised his hand toward high heaven and triumphantly cried: "Eureka! If anyone disputes the fact that an American did that, he will have Leonard Davis and the Star-Spangled-Banner to hick!"

The interested group had scarcely recovered from their surprise before they found themselves in the midst of a more familiar scene—early evening in a great city with autos dashing hither and thither, newsboys voicing their shrill cries, street cars clanging their impatient warning to the crowds. To the very top of one of the city's skyscrapers they were taken and into a glass-roofed observatory wherein a man and woman were intently scanning the heavens through huge telescopes of a very queer design. Bertha was the first to discover that it was Mildred Blakely.

"Don't you remember that Mildred used to have so many suitors when she was a High School girl? Well she spent so much time star-gazing that she eventually became interested in astronomy and she and her husband (also an astronomer) have perfected that wonderful telescope with which one can see around the curve of the earth. All of Henry's propelling stations are equipped with them so that the operators can, at any time, locate their ships. Seeing Mildred reminds me of Bessie May Jeffries," said Madeline. "Let's call on her. She surely can not be far——"

She was abruptly interrupted by the oof—oof—oof of a pig apparently in their very midst.

"Gracious! Ivan Thomas, do you keep pigs in this apartment?"

"See for yourself," he replied, indicating the scene he had now conjured.

A small pig pen, very clean, with all modern improvements, wherein three very black pigs were helping themselves to the contents of a sanitary feeding trough.

"Potato peelings!" Ivan exclaimed. "Well we are supposed to be calling on Bessie May, but we seem to be going in by the back door."

"Bessie must be an extravagant housekeeper," mused Henry—"all those potato peelings."

"Ha! The mystery is explained!" cried Winfred, as the interior of a large, well-lighted room was revealed containing rows of electric stoves, before each of which stood a white-clad girl frying golden brown potato chips, Bessie May efficiently directing operations.

"Hum, wish she would pass them around," muttered Henry. "Some cook! She must have learned that in M. V. H. S."

Slowly the scene changed and to their wondering eyes now appeared a wide undulating plain on the edge of the jungle; far in the distance above the quivering haze of heat, could be seen the crests of snow-capped mountains. Here the sun poured like a brimming flood. Across the open plain a strange

procession made its way scattering innumerable wild beasts with which the place swarmed. Native porters, very black and tall could be seen carrying a large green tent; others were bearing tin boxes, loads of ammunition, a patent bath tub, bright new guns and other paraphernalia. The quantity of gleaming ivory tusks and fine leopard skins proclaimed the object of the leader who rode at the head of this imposing parade.

"Loren Russell, a big game hunter in Darkest Africa!" exclaimed Bertha.

"Well he belonged to the class of '18," returned Henry. "If he is **after** big game, he will get it!"

"Here we are in good old U. S. A. once more," as a well kept farm appeared. In the foreground was an immense barn which a man in overalls was painting with brisk skillful strokes.

"That back looks familiar—why, it's William Bokelman! Now why do you suppose he has painted it black? Oh, I see! Look what he is doing."

Incredibly fast, large, white letters appeared on the black background.

CROWDAIRE AND WALKAIRE
FRENCH MODISTES
LATEST STYLES IN GOWNS AND HATS
Fifth Ave. New York.

"That's Flossie Crowder and Beulah Walker. I always buy gowns of them."

"That is why you always look so stylish, Madeline," said Winfred approvingly.

From the country back into the city in a twinkling. Again was shown a gorgeous opera house, this time in Chicago, where a large, fashionable audience was gathered. To the right of the great stage stood a large tablet on which the program was announced in colored electric letters. Soon flashed brilliantly the announcement:

The Latest Popular Song Hits Of The Day
Words And Music By The Greatest Living Composer
PAUL C. SCHERER
Sung By The World's Most Famous Prima Donna
Eleanor Page.

"Wonderful!" breathed Ivan, as the great singer bowed herself off the stage after the fifth encore.

An entirely different picture now appeared—a lovely garden with pink-blossomed cherry trees like huge boquets—flower-bordered paths—a rustic bridge—quaint almond-eyed maidens in embroidered kimonos serving tea to a handsomely gowned lady seated at a bamboo table sheltered by a gay paper parasol.

"Lillian Davis in Japan! What is she doing away over there?"

"Well, you see," explained Bertha, "Lillian secured a government position in Washington soon after she graduated and while there married an attache of the Japanese Legation—mighty fine man too, if he is a Jap." Ivan shifted the scene.

"We certainly are traveling to-night. Look! It is the Alps. I have been there and I know that place—magnificent scenery! I have been in that very hotel way up there in the mountains. Mine host of the smiling countenance looks familiar: who is he?"

"Why Henry, don't you know that face? That is Fred Thomas. He fell in love with a pretty Italian nurse when he was wounded in battle over there and married her, and her father being killed in the war, she fell heir to that little hotel in the mountains. But what is this coming? Rich tourists—that is an American car and a good one too. Americans of course. Why that is Kathryn Scott. But what is she making those funny signs for, I wonder?"

"She is talking to her husband," replied Madeline. "He is deaf and dumb but he is **rich**."

A characteristically American scene came next—a typical baseball field enclosed by the usual high board fence surmounted by a fringe of yelling boys; huge amphitheater crowded to capacity; a Big League game in full swing.

"Casey to the bat!" yelled Ivan catching the spirit. "But he'll never hit **that** ball if it is Herb Forthoffer batting, for that is **some** pitcher! And—my—friends,—it is Raymond Schneider! There you have two more 1918ers."

Back to the city again. A well-furnished room appeared; a handsome woman sat at a desk rapidly touching the keys of a queer machine.

"That is Lillian Stepiens," whispered Bertha. "What is she doing? It looks something like an adding machine."

"Don't you see her card on the door? She is a professional poetess. She has a contrivance there that produces the poems for her by punching certain keys, etc., sort of like a calculating machine or something like that; I have heard about it," explained Winfred, rather vaguely.

Lillian inserted a fresh sheet of paper headed: "The Song Of The Seasons," and began delicately touching the keys.

Oh the Spring, the beautiful Spring!
It makes you so tired that you can't do a thing.

A smile of satisfaction lighted her face as she saw the result. Nodding approval she started again.

Oh the Summer fair and bright!
I do not like it very well,
It takes the curl out of my hair,
And then it is as hot as blazes.

A look of pained astonishment succeeded the smile. Something must be wrong. A little oil applied and another start.

The Winter cold has come at last;
The season of mince pie and ham.
But if the water pipes freeze up
It makes us feel like saying Merry Christmas!

Exasperated, the poetess carefully examined the mechanism but could not locate the defect.

"Well I shall have to call the trouble man," she decided, and the scene immediately shifted to another office on whose front appeared in large letters:

CHARLES BONNELL
Fixer!

Everything From Steamboats To Teeth Fixed While You Wait.

There was a swift change to another large, airy room, this time in the great city of Mt. Vernon, Ind.,— or rather in one of the suburbs, known as Evansville. A number of little children sat in small old rose chairs about a long, low table, stringing silver beads. A sweet-faced teacher moved about overseeing the work.

"Well I didn't think Dorothy Doerr would ever become interested in kindergarten work, but she seems to like it. I wonder whether any more of the class are still in Mt. Vernon."

"Must be, for here is a picture of another of its suburbs, Bertha."

"Yes, that is Farmersville, and that is the largest grocery store in the city. Oh, we are going upstairs to call on the proprietor's wife."

The latter was discovered in the front room with seven or eight children of all sizes.

"Hello! Is Josephine Kelley running a kindergarten too?" exclaimed Winfred.

"Kindergarten nothing; those are all her own!" said Ivan.

"Any more in this vicinity?"

"Yes, another suburb. Old New Harmony hasn't changed much if it is a part of the great Mt. Vernon. Doesn't that little cart with the comical spotted donkey recall old times? Even the 'dainty man', himself looks familiar. Why, it's Lionel Allen! Trust Lionel to do something original."

"Well here we are in New York again. That is the famous Dr. Lyman Davis' operating room. Of course you all know that Dr. Davis is the most skillful surgeon in the world.

You noticed that long row of high school students in the waiting room, didn't you? Well when he became renowned for his surgery, he took up two

specialties. See how deftly he does it! Just a skillful operation on the tendons of the feet so that they can be properly controlled as the pupils march out of high school to the ragtime music.

And the other, a seemingly simple, but very wonderful operation on the brain which makes the students fond of supervised study. This latter one however, is not confined to the pupils alone, for Dr. Davis is quite frequently called on to perform it on the teachers also."

Next a large bungalow at the edge of the city was shown. In the rear, a quaint, vine-covered building whose interior revealed rows of little boxes each with a wire run before it.

"Baby chickens?" guessed Henry.

"No:" as the picture became clearer, "guinea pigs; why the place is alive with guinea pigs! Who is it and what does he do it for?"

"Ruth Coke raises them for Dr. Lyman's laboratory experiments," volunteered Winfred.

"What a beautiful church!" as the next picture appeared. "That is the most magnificent pipe organ I ever saw, and look who is going to play it! Oliver Selfert, pipe organist in the finest and most fashionable church in the city! Oh, that's how it is done, is it?" said Henry, as Oliver slipped the end of what apparently was a long strip of paper, into a slot, turned a switch and began carefully turning a large crank; which procedure immediately filled the church with a volume of glorious music.

As though the church suggested it, next appeared the bare, gray walls of a convent. In one of the cell-like rooms, in a somber black robe and stiff white head dress, knelt a calm-faced nun. Peace and contentment shone in the face which the watchers soon discovered to be that of Juanita Tudor.

"Poor Juanita took the veil years ago when she was jilted by Ray Hames who eloped with Charlotte Brinkman. Ray is a great author now. His first book—"How To Be Happy Though Married"—was such a success that he decided to make writing his life work. There, you see him at work."

Pacing up and down the room that had flashed into view, Ray dictated so rapidly that only Hazel Bottomley, most expert typist in the world, who could write three hundred words a minute, could keep up with him.

"Now head the manuscript this way," he ordered; and the rapid click of the keys began as Hazel took his dictation directly on the typewriter. "Love And Dreams", by Ray Hames. Author of "Her Fatal Beauty", "A Kiss Of Love", "A Dark Marriage", "Tirzah's Terrible Secret", and others.

"How about Charlotte?" enquired Henry.

"Oh", said Bertha, "Charlotte became very domestic and devotes all her time to her home and her lap dogs."

"Now what would you say Harriet Green is doing?" as that lady came into view. An intensely blue sea lapped the shore of an island on which the sun beat fiercely. Queer grass-covered huts stood beneath palm and bamboo trees. In one of the houses of the missionaries appeared Harriett standing before a long row of little brown native children, and beating time for the song she had taught them to sing; I want to be an Angel and with the Angels stand.....

Late summer on a farm in good old Posey County came next. A strange machine was steadily making its way across a large level field leaving a wide row of freshly plowed ground in its wake. No driver was in sight. When the mysterious affair reached the end of the row it stopped with a loud click and as if in obedience to some unseen guidance it turned and moved back across the field, plowing its wide furrow as it went. As if to explain the mystery the scene shifted to the pleasant home of the farmer. There beneath the shade of the trees that stood beside a fine, modern farm house, in a large cushioned rocker sat a portly man, reading his paper and smoking a well-colored meerschauum pipe with a remarkably small bowl. At his feet stood a small contrivance with several pedals, which at regular intervals he pressed with his foot, causing a sharp click. It was this wonderful little invention that controlled the mysterious machine in the field. On the other side of the yard his wife was busy hanging the weekly wash on the line.

"Ah," said Ivan, "so Jett Williams gave up his career as a great movie actor and settled down to farming, I see."

Then in a large studio was shown Clarence Schenk in shapeless, paint-stained artist's apron, brush in hand before a large canvas.

"Fine horse he is painting," said Winfred approvingly.

"Horse! Why, man, that's a cow if ever I saw one!"

"You are both crazy, Henry, it's a lion and a good one," contended Bertha.

"Well if you look at it right from the center," discovered Ivan, "it is a horse; now come over to this side and you'll see it's a cow from here, while over here," moving over to the other side, "you have a fine picture of a lion. Horse, cow, or lion, it all depends on the point of view. Of course a member of the Class of 1918 can paint three pictures to an ordinary mortal's one."

Once more they were taken back to the country. This time appeared a garden of immense size in which grew plants of many different varieties, many of them strange and unfamiliar to our friends.

"That is Orvan Hall, the horticulturist. He is known as the Second Burbank," said Henry. "But what kind of a tree is that? It looks like peaches hanging by strings of all lengths."

"That is his latest achievement," explained Ivan. "He succeeded in crossing the peach and the rubber trees so that, as the fruit ripens the stem stretches like rubber and lets it gently down within reach. Now he is experimenting with the milk weed and egg plant and buttercup and sugar beet and experts to eventually combine them so as to produce a plant that will bear a cake."

"A circus!" cried Henry. "Now that's something like it. I always take my kids to all the shows," as a typical circus scene came into view, showing the tents—flaring lights—good natured crowds pushing about the ticket wagon—band blaring—colored balloons, and all the rest of it. On either hand forming a lane to the main entrance, great canvasses with their wonderful painted attractions swayed back and forth in the breeze. On a high platform before one of the most glaring of them sat a woman, gorgeously arrayed in shimmering, spangled satin, while on the floor about her lay the great coils of huge serpents, their upraised heads swaying rhythmically in obedience to the motion of her graceful bare arm. Calm and fearless, she flashed a superior smile at the awe-struck crowd.

"Mary Ruminer, as I live!" exclaimed Ivan. "Mary is bound to be a great success, even as a snake charmer. But there must be more of us there for we seem to be going in and the show has begun."

"Listen! The ring-master is making an announcement. It must be an unusual act—something about trapeze performers. Ah, here they come!" as two new figures in regulation trapeze costume came bounding into the ring, bowing right and left and kissing their hands to the spectators. They were then rapidly swung to the dizzy heights of the trapeze where they proceeded to perform the most marvelous and daring feats ever accomplished in a circus.

"Why we have been so absorbed in their wonderful performance that we forgot to see who it is," said Bertha, as they descended amid deafening applause. "Louise Ashworth and Glenn Knight! Will wonders never cease?"

"It must be getting near the end now, for here comes the trick mule."

"Sure enough, Winfred. Do you know that thing is always funny to me, old as it is. Watch them fall off and try again. Ah! Here comes the imitation rube who can do the trick—really a show-man, you know."

"Sticking on all right, Henry; who is he? If he sticks to everything through life as he sticks to that trick mule, he will certainly succeed; but who is it?"

"Why Ivan, that's Peanuts Conlin!"

Gradually, seemingly reluctantly, the picture faded. The little group drew a long breath—

"No more?" sighed Madeline. "But you haven't showed us Emma Fullinwider yet!"

"Oh yes, Emma," answered Ivan. "Why you know Emma wrote our class prophecy and after that, things got too hot for her on this earth, so she eloped with the Man in the Moon!"

—EMMA FULLINWIDER.

CLASS WILL

"LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1918."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BE IT KNOWN, That we, the Seniors of 1918, being adjudged of sound mind, (except by the faculty and our parents), do hereby will and bequeath all our chattels, real, personal and stolen:—

To-Wit:

1. "Peanuts" Conlin wills his knowledge of the art of camouflage to any willing to undertake its use.
2. Lillian Stephens bequeathes her poise to Fern Leipold, that it may aid her in overcoming gravity.
3. Charles Bonnell leaves to Mr. Sandefur one of his collars in case Mr. Sandefur's may be too small.
4. Dorothy Doerr generously leaves her curls and her dog to Helen Keck, as she will no longer need them when she goes to college.
5. Orvan Hall wills his book (on how to hold a "stand-in" with the faculty) to Frederick Bamberger, that he may succeed as well as Orvan.
6. Flossie Crowder bequeathes her knee pads (used in the athletic play) to the football team of 1918.
7. Madeline Forthoffer leaves her leisure time to the Business Staff of the '19 Hoop-Pole.
8. Benjamin Seifert wills his exclusive privilege of distributing spring flowers to all the good looking girls, to Wayne Klotz; that with his added sweetness he may win a smile from them.
9. Harriet Green bequeathes her exclusive privilege of "bawling out" all the teachers (especially the male species) to Lydia Riecken.
10. Oliver Seifert leaves to Oswald Benner, his broad shoulders and happy smile, that Oswald may cheerfully hold up the position of end next year on the Football team.
11. Josephine Kelley wills her sweet smile to Miss Wiegand; said smile, however, to be put to entirely new uses.
12. Lionel Allen bequeaths his "Goat" (as it has never been gotten) to Arch Thomas, in order that his may rest half the time.
13. Mary Rummer wills her brother to the High School, hoping that he may keep up the reputation of the family.
14. Winfred Allyn wills his monopoly of transporting all the pretty country girls to the M. V. H. S. to Henry Ashworth.
15. Juanita Tudor wills her frown to Hodge Oliver.
16. Clarence Schenk leaves all his unused pieces of ragtime to Esther Menzies and Lucile Hempfling, said pieces to be played under the direction of Chapman Utey for the benefit of Miss Dorsey.
17. Bertha Ashworth bequeathes her white shoes to Elizabeth Clements, on condition that she wear them in the Senior assembly.
18. William Bokelman leaves to Miss Adams several tons of paper; said paper to replace that used to take down William's name when he was out of order.
19. Louise Ashworth and Emma Fullinwider will their enmity to Susie Sugg and Madge Oliver.
20. Henry Chambers bequeathes his dignity and aplomb to the poor little freshmen, that they in time to come, may grace the Senior Class with dignity and decorum.

21. Mildred Blakley leaves her powder puff to Eula Bernd.
22. Lyman Davis wills his popularity to Ira Perkins.
23. Hazel Bottomley wills her good disposition to Edna Trousdale.
24. Ruth Coke leaves her Leopard Skin coat to the High School to be used as a decoration wherever a fancy fur rug shall be needed.
25. Herbert Forthoffer wills his vocal power to Chapman Utley.
27. Lillian Davis wills her first Teacher's License to the most aspiring member of next year's class.
28. Ray Hanes wills his great experience of falling in love to "Dopy" Doerr, that life may not cheat him out of this one great experience.
29. Kathryn Scott leaves her chewing gum to Miss Smith to add to her collection.
30. William McKellogg wills the bird-house he made in Manual Training to the High School with a request to have it used to replace the broken flag staff.
31. Benlah Walker wills her business qualities to the Commercial Department.
32. Loren Russell wills his boisterousness to "Nick" that he may attract the attention of the assembly (if possible?).
33. Ivan B. Thomas bequeathes his eyebrow comb and vanity case to Fritz Dietz, with strict instructions to use same to the best advantage.
34. We, the Seniors of 1918, leave the Physics Department
 - 1—One vest.
 - 2—One black silk tie.
 - 3—All surplus hair found on the boys' coats.
 - 4—One meddler preventer.
 - 5—Entire new laboratory.
35. Charlotte Brinkman wills her dog to Miss Hamshoe, that she may have something to feed when there is no one else about.
36. Paul Scherer wills his "Krit" to Mark Dawson to replace his "Ford".
37. Bessie May Jeffries gladly leaves her manicure set to all of Mr. Stinnetts' classes, with instructions for use thereon.
38. Raymond Schneider bequeathes his military stride to Henry Luebberman.
39. Eleanor Page wills her modest demeanor to Elfreda Hironimus.
40. Fred Thomas leaves his two brothers to the tender mercies of feminine M. V. H. S.
41. Glenn Knight leaves his style of hair cut to any freshman who cares to take the risk.
42. Leonard Davis bequeathes his blushes to "Tody" Spencer that she may not lose the art.

Duly witnessed and signed by Lyman Davis and Lionel Allen on this tenth day of May, nineteen hundred eighteen.

S. JETT WILLIAMS,

Attorney.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"A SCRAP OF PAPER"

(By Palgrave Simpson)

Senior High School Assembly

TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 9TH, 1918

At 8:00 O'clock

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mortimer J. Sterling (A Mighty Traveller and Confirmed Bachelor)	Orvan R. Hall
Robert Landon	S. Jett Williams
David Crane (Landed Proprietor and Naturalist)	Fred Thomas
Billy Brantly (Crane's ward)	Walter G. Conlin
James (Servant of the Landons)	Lyman Davis
Andrew (Servant of Sterling)	Dale DeFur
Mrs. Robert Landon (at one time in love with Sterling)	Louise Ashworth
Miss Suzanne Russeville (a strong minded woman and cousin to Mrs. Landon)	Mary Ruminer
Rose Ashley (Mrs. Landon's young sister)	Dorothy Doerr
Miss Zenobia Crane	Emma Fullinwider
Mrs. Manders (housekeeper for the Landons)	Josephine Kelley
Pauline (a maid)	Eleanor Page

Time—The Present.

SCENE

Act I—Living room at the Landons' Country Home.

Act II—Room assigned to Sterling at the home of his friend Crane.

Act III—Conservatory at the Landons' Country Home.

Music furnished by the High School Orchestra. Class song will be sung at the close of the play. The words of the song were written by Emma Fullinwider and Louise Ashworth. Music by Mr. Percy Fullinwider.



Act I—Mrs. Manders: "Well, I must say! Is that the way you dust furniture?"

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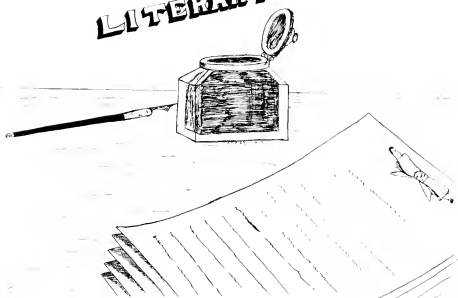


Act II—Billy: "But, really, I don't know what to do with it."



Act III—Suzanne: "Burn! Burn!"

LITERARY



THE MYSTERY OF MUNSTER MANSION.

All about me the earth lay in a deathly calm. The setting sun cast over everything a peculiar coppery glare that foretold the coming of a storm. The ordinary sounds of early twilight in the country were stilled as though all nature held its breath in expectation of the impending storm.

Reluctantly I turned away from the magnificent view that had, for so many minutes, held me spell bound, for if I would make shelter before the storm broke, it behooved me to be on my way.

Too long, however, had I stood drinking in the wild beauty of the scene for ere any form of shelter offered itself, the glaring sky became overcast with menacing clouds and the wind suddenly swept through the woods in wild gusts that drove sticks and leaves and stinging drops of rain into my face.

As I stumbled along the unfamiliar way, nearly blinded by the furious onslaught, my foot became entangled in a vine and I was thrown violently to the ground. So badly injured that I was unable to arise, I wearily dragged myself along the path, which, though bearing evidence of long disuse, nevertheless must lead to some place.

Fortunately I was not compelled to proceed far in this painful manner, for at no great distance, there loomed before me the outlines of a large building, set amid the ruins of a once fair garden, now overrun with weeds. Utter neglect was manifested by the decay everywhere vident. The shutters hung disconsolately by broken and rusty hinges. Damp mould covered the walls and unkempt, ragged vines fluttered in the wind, like crepe on the door of death. Austere and gloomy beyond words, it was probably the ill-fated Mansion of Munster—long since deserted and shunned by all as haunted.

When I reached the house, I managed to raise myself sufficiently to reach the large, rusty knocker that sent ghostly echoes through the ancient building. To all appearances the place was entirely deserted. But shelter I must have, and surely ghosts and hobgoblins within were preferable to the fearful storm that raged without. So summoning what courage I could I tried the lock, and to my surprise, the door swung heavily open, the rusty hinges creaking and rasping from long disuse.

As I crawled within, the wind caught the heavy door and blew it shut with a bang that went echoing through the deserted rooms as if a hundred doors were being slammed by ghostly hands. Fearfully I gazed about the great hall in which I found myself.

Although the place afforded shelter from the raging elements, I could not shake off a feeling of dread as of impending disaster.

It was damp and chill, and dank odors assailed my nostrils; it was as though I had entered the foul air of a tomb. The purpling light of dying day lent a ghostly aspect to the suits of armor that adorned the mouldy walls.

The door of a spacious drawing room stood open and in the semi-gloom I glimpsed a tapestried couch which, though covered with the mould and dust of years, yet promised some degree of comfort to my pain-racked body.

As I lay there, soaked, weary and sore, my eyes roamed about the room. The rich hangings of the windows had rotted till they hung by one corner or by mere threads to their poles, thus admitting a faint light, dim it is true, but sufficient to disclose the grandeur of the apartment; the massive furniture with its rich but faded upholstery; the tarnished frames of the portraits of by-gone Munsters, whose eyes seemed to concentrate on me, the luckless intruder; the magnificent rugs and tapestries covered and ruined by the dust and mold of years.

Drenched and chilled, weakened by pain and hunger, I lay in that ghoul-ish room in the mysterious Mansion of Munster—alone amid the vast dreary solitude of that uncanny abode—alone in that magnificent yet awful room whose mouldering walls held the secret of the mystery of the beautiful Mirabel Munster.

The hangings, rich and gorgeous though they once had been, now appeared black and lusterless in the darkness that was rapidly enshrouding the room. The whole atmosphere of the place was one of unutterable gloom and depression. The dim twilight soon deepened into sooty blackness, impenetrable and fearsome. The fury of the storm without but added to the horror. Curtains stirred and doors creaked as though invisible shades passed through them.

My overwrought nerves, racked by my injuries, quivered at the thought of spending the night alone in that gruesome place. Alone in the velvety blackness! Alone in the mysterious Mansion of Munster!

But at last, benumbed by cold and pain, I fell into a deep stupor and must have remained so for some hours. Aroused by some unwonted noise, I be-

came aware that the fury of the storm had somewhat abated, but with the advent of night, the uncanny noises within the place had increased ten-fold—scurrying sounds as of innumerable rats, the mournful whoo-oo-oo of owls; the flutter of bats' wings in the very room and worse—shrill, cackling laughter, with ever and anon a thin squeak as of an animal or even a child in sudden pain. And always there was a horrible, unconquerable feeling of a presence, invisible in the inky darkness that enveloped me like a pall of black velvet.

Helpless in that den of torment, rigid with horror, I felt a cold touch upon my brow. Then again. Slowly over my icy face and down the full length of my body a loathsome lizard dragged its clammy length and dropped with a dull thud to the floor, at my feet. Would it repeat the performance? Were there others—hundreds of them and would each drag its foul length over my face?

Quivering with disgust and horror, depressed by the doleful cry of the owls, fanned by the flapping wings of bats, unnerved by the number and evident boldness of the scurrying rats, dreading the return of the reptile or others of its kind, tormented by the uncanny noises of the fearful place, I lay vainly striving to pierce the impenetrable blackness, when suddenly at my very head came a repetition of that shrill, cackling laughter that previously in some remote part of the house had filled my soul with terror.

Human nerves could stand no more and I found merciful relief in a deep swoon. All too soon my eyes opened to a dim light which my shuddering senses perceived came from a flickering candle in the bony hand of a ghoulish, unearthly figure perched on a large chair not far from my couch.

Man or specter? More like the devil, from his sinister, evil look, the bright glitter of his sunken eyes, the claw-like hands. But if a man, then a mad man, terrifyingly, hideously mad.

Leering at me with his evil face close to mine, his long hair hanging in white wisps about the pale, pinched face, his deep set eyes burning with the fire of madness, he seemed the concentration of all the horrors that had infested the fearful night. Rats swarmed about him; owls perched on his shoulders; bats flattened their disgusting bodies against him.

Still leering at me, he shrilled, "What think you of my children? I take it you are not fond of them? They are spirits, all," again the shrill laughter and the skinny hand waving the flickering candle, "all spirits of the dear departed. The rats are shades of Munsters—dead, but not gone; the owls and bats are cronies that still haunt the place they frequented in its palmy days. And Lizzie here," caressing the loathsome lizard that slid upon his knees, "is the beautiful Mirabel, last of the Munsters."

The wild eyes glittered and the pallid skin of the maniac took on a ghastly hue in the ghostly light as my fascinated gaze clung to his face.

Was the mystery of Mirabel Munster about to be solved at last? I held my breath, horrified, afraid to speak lest the evil vision vanish without disclosing his secret.

"Nobody knows what became of Mirabel?" the high pitched voice continued, "Nobody knows but Uncle Ezra—he knows! They thought they'd keep crazy Uncle Ezra in the dungeon, did they? Uncle Ezra was mad—mad—nobody must know—disgrace to the family—keep him shut up until he died—mad—disgrace! Well, brother Ira, who was to go down to the dungeon to feed the mad man when Ira died? Mirabel, of course. Who stayed in the dungeon? Not the mad man!"

The claw like fingers beat a Devil's tattoo on the back of the lizard on his knees. Suddenly the frightful figure bent close over me. I shrank with fear. What might not the maniac do? He was mad—utterly mad—and I helpless and alone. Nearer drew the ghastly face, the piercing eyes burning into mine. Nearer—till the beak-like nose almost touched my face. What would he do? Of what hideous form of torture might not this demon be capable! My blood congealed,—nearer, nearer,—the thin lips drew back in a leering grin over the few fang-like teeth. I could not move—rigid with horror, I lay with my eyes fixed on his as a bird is charmed by a snake that seeks to devour it. I lay and awaited the fate that so surely impended.

The candle sputtered low in its socket, as the long arm waved wildly, and suddenly went out, leaving us again in utter darkness.

Now the pressure of long, cold, bony fingers on my throat—slowly pressing—pressing—

I seized the thin but powerful arms of the demon and with an almost superhuman effort endeavored to force him off—only to find myself lying in the path where I had fallen, rigidly grasping a branch, blown by the tempest across my throat.

—EMMA FULLINWIDER, '18.

OVER THE TOP.

"The day was cold and dark and dreary
It rains and the wind is never——"

"O can it!" A book flew from little Jimmy Stuart's hand, passing perilously near his room-mate's head. "Can't you let me mourn in peace without reciting absurd poetry about the weather?"

"I thought it might cheer you up," responded John Holt, meekly, but with a twinkle in his eye. "Oh, cheer up, James, me boy, it doesn't affect the fate of the nation because you were rejected at recruiting headquarters this morning. There are plenty of other fellows who can go."

"It's all right for you to joke about it, you don't want to go, and, furthermore, could go if you wanted 'o. But to be rejected because you're so little, too little to fight for your country! Oh, it's terrible! That's right, go on and laugh." Jimmy sat down with his face hidden in his hands, his shoulders shaking.

John Holt sobered immediately. He hadn't realized that Jimmy really cared so much. It was with quite a different tone that he next spoke: "I know it's hard on you, Jimmy, but you can serve your country in other ways. Don't be so despairing. I understand how you feel about this matter, but——"

"No, you don't understand, you can't, and you never will be able to. You have your mother and Jean to think about. They take first place in your heart. But I, I have no one—nothing. I've been an orphan as long as I can remember. My country is the only mother I have ever known, and I want to fight for her; to die for her. Oh, wouldn't it be great to over the top for America! I could be happy if I only had that chance, the chance to protect my country's honor. I will go, they shall not keep me from it. Somehow, I'll get over there, I'll go over the top some day. You just wait and see."

That is just what Jimmy Stuart did. No one ever knew how he got into the army, it will probably always be a mystery. Perhaps the examiners recognized the indomitable fighting spirit inside that small body and didn't get his measurements just right. At any rate Jimmy got into the army and lived up to the reputation he had gained at college of being a "game little scrapper" when, too small to make the Varsity team, he had given them a hard fight when he played quarter on the scrub.

It was this fighting spirit that gained for Jimmy the love and admiration of all his comrades and won promotion for him. Sergeant Jimmy was idolized by all under him, and respected and secretly loved by officers above him. The men in Sergeant Jimmy's squad were envied by every other soldier in the camp.

Jimmy Stuart became noted for his desire to go over the top. He had led more than one raid that had resulted in gains for the Allies. His comrades couldn't understand that fierce desire nor that reckless courage that always took Jimmy where the danger was greatest. They knew that the little sergeant never received any letters from home, but they did not know that he was so alone in the world that he cared for nothing save his country, and deemed it the greatest honor he could win, to die for that country. But, though they did not understand him, when the word was passed along that Sergeant Jimmy was going to lead a raid over the top, every man was ready to go.

Twice Jimmy had been wounded, but he always returned to the front. It seemed that he had a charmed life, for though they wounded him, it seemed that the Huns could not extinguish the life in that small body. The firing line seemed to have a fascination for him, a magnetic power that always drew him back whenever he was sent from the trenches to the hospital or on some commission.

One night it was rumored that Sergeant Jimmy was that night going over the top. Rumor proved true, and late that night, Jimmy with his chosen companions, quietly stole out of their trenches into No Man's Land.

The raid was successful. Sergeant Jimmy's purpose was accomplished. But when the short but fierce hand to hand fight was over, and the Germans who held the trench were defeated, it was discovered that Jimmy was seriously wounded.

Tenderly he was borne back to the American trenches and put into a surgeon's care. But Jimmy did not last long. Dawn was just beginning to streak the sky with gray when the anxious watchers saw Jimmy stir. His lips moved but no sound came from them at first. Then he raised himself slightly and was heard to murmur: "Over the top, boys, for America! Over the top!"

He sank back and the watchers knew that the lonely little fellow, beloved of everyone who knew him, had passed away. Sergeant Jimmy had for the last time gone over the top.

MARY RUMINER, '18.

THE MIRROR OF WETONA.

"This," said my guide, as we came out on the shore of a small but lovely lake, "is called by the white men Circle Lake, for as you see, it is perfectly round, but the Indian name for it is The Mirror of Wetona."

"The Mirror of Wetona," I repeated. "It is a beautiful name, but a curious one. Surely there is some legend to explain it?" And I waited eagerly for his reply, for I had learned that he knew many odd and interesting tales about the region through which we were passing.

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "there is a legend, and if you would like to hear it—"

"I would, indeed."

"Then let us camp here and when we have made our preparations for the night, I will tell you the story."

In a short time our tent was up, a fire was briskly burning, and our evening meal cooked. As the shadows lengthened over the lake and the night birds began to call through the forest, my guide told me the following legend:

"Many years ago, before the white men came to this region, a tribe of Indians lived on the shore of this lake. For generations it had been their home, and for generations they had been a peaceful and contented people.

"But at last there arose among them a chieftain who was a mighty warrior and cared nothing for the arts of peace. He did not teach the young men to hunt and fish, but encouraged them rather to fight with the neighboring tribes. Again and again he led them on the warpath until many had been slain. At last his people prayed to the Great Manitou that he would send them peace.

"Their prayer was answered. Early one morning when the squaws went to the lake for water, they found walking on the shore a maiden fairer than any they had ever seen. When they spoke to her, she answered in their own tongue and asked that she might go with them to their village and become a member of their tribe.

"They took her to their chief, and so beautiful was she that as soon as he saw her he loved her.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I am Wetona," she replied.

"Where do you come from?"

"She smiled and glanced toward the lake. 'I am a gift from the Great Spirit,' she said. 'May I stay here and be one of your people?'"

"Yes," he answered, 'you may stay if you will be my bride.'

"Very well," replied Wetona, 'I will marry you and I will stay here as long as you live at peace with all men, but on the day you make war upon another tribe I will leave you and you will never see me again.'

"The chief willingly agreed to this condition and on the next day his marriage to the beautiful stranger was celebrated with great rejoicing, for the Indians knew that it brought them the peace they desired.

"For several years the chieftain and his people lived in peace and plenty. Wetona was very happy. She loved her husband, she loved her people, but most of all, it seemed, she loved the lake. She often wandered along the shore for hours or in her birch canoe paddled out to that rock you may see there in the center of the lake, and sat there listening to the murmur of the water and gazing at her reflection. It was this which led the Indians to call the lake The Mirror of Wetona.

"But all these years the chief was not contented. In his heart burned the spirit of a warrior and he longed for the thrill of battle. At last he determined to make war upon a tribe some distance south of the lake. But as he dared not declare his intention for fear of losing Wetona, he merely announced that he was taking his braves on a great hunt.

"He noticed that Wetona seemed sad when she bade him farewell but he felt sure that she could not know his plans.

"So he and his braves rode away, but early the following morning the chieftain rode hurriedly back into the village, leaped off his exhausted horse, and cried out to his people, 'Wetona! Where is Wetona? I had a dream—I thought she was gone!'

"He hastened to his lodge and entered, but Wetona was not there. He searched the village, the forest, the lake-shore, but Wetona was gone, and never again did he see her. He had broken his promise, she had kept hers.

"But as her appearance had brought peace, so her disappearance brought peace to her people, for the chieftain had no longer any desire for warfare. Nor could he bear to remain near the lake Wetona had loved. So he led his people far away and left the lake deserted.

"Even to this day, on summer evenings, Wetona is seen wandering on the shore or sitting on the rock in the center, gazing into the water. Sometimes, too, the chieftain appears and searches both the lake and its margin for Wetona. But at his coming she vanishes and never can he find her."

Night had come on as my guide talked, and as he ended his story, the moon suddenly shone out through the trees. Its rays fell full upon the rock in the lake and for a moment I thought I saw on it the form of an Indian maiden.

MARY LOUISE FITTON, '19.





MUSIC



"Music Hath Charms."

Mary Ruminer

The Music Department, under Miss Dorsey's direction, has been unusually active this year.

The most pleasing and successful work of the department was the presentation of the Operetta "Gipsy Queen" by the Girls' Glee Club.

This Operetta was both a musical and a financial success. The proceeds are to be used to purchase a Victrola for the high school.



ORCHESTRA

Director	Miss May E. Dorsey
First Violins	Sue Sugg, Louise Hopkins
Cornets	Charles Ruminer, Charles E. Lawrence
Trombone	S. Jett Williams
Saxophone	Jake Behrick
Drums	Clarence Schenk
Piano	Mary Ruminer

CHRISTMAS CAROL PROGRAM

Given by the Girls' Glee Club and Public Speaking Department

December 20, 1917—8:00 P. M.

- "Silent Night" M. Haydn
a. "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" R. S. Willis
b. "O Little Town of Bethlehem" L. H. Redner
c. "Angels, From the Realms of Glory" H. Smart
"Cantique De Noel" A. Adam
"We Three Kings of Orient Are" J. H. Hopkins
Reading—"The Other Wise Man" Van Dyke
Mary Rimmer
Chant (in costume) "Hymn to the Magi" Van Dyke
Mary E. Mackey, Gladys Basler, Beulah Karnes, Flossie Crowder,
Carmen Wade, Louise Leffel.
a. "Under the Stars" M. C. Brown
b. "Christmas Eve" M. B. Foster
"Goodnight! and Christmas Prayer" M. B. Foster



Hear us, O Mazda! Thou livest in truth and in heavenly gladness;
Cleanse us from falsehood, and keep us from evil and bondage to badness;
Pour out the light and the joy of Thy life on our darkness and sadness

Shine on our gardens and fields, shine on our working and weaving;
Shine on the whole race of man, believing and unbelieving;
Shine on us through the night,
Shine on us now in Thy night,
The flame of our holy love and the song of our worship receiving.

Program
OPERETTA "GIPSY QUEEN"
Chas. F. Hanson.

ACT I.

Gipsy Chorus—"We Are a Merry Gipsy Band".

Solo—"Mother Grunt Is Away".

Gipsy Chorus—"Welcome, Mother of Our Band".

Duet—"Here's Thy Home"Rosalie and Mother Grunt

Gipsy Chorus—"Another Link in the Gipsy Chain".

Solo—"Take Me Back to Home, Dear Home"Rosalie

Solo—"Beg Your Pardon, Gentle Lady"Mother Grunt

Duet—"Come Lass, 'Tis Time You Were Asleep" ...Mother Grunt and Rosalie

Solo—"I Can Not Sleep, I May Escape"Rosalie

Solo—"Ah, She's a Price That Gold Will Bring"Mother Grunt

Gipsy Chorus—"What's the Matter, Come Let Us To the Chase".

ACT II.

Solo—"Where Do I Wander"Rosalie

Fairy Chorus—"Lightly Pass, To Our Bower of Roses".

Solo—"So Bright and So Beautiful"Rosalie

Fairy Chorus—"Fairies Are We, Pretty Maiden".

Solo and Chorus—"I Am the Fairy Queen"Fairy Queen and Chorus

Solo—"My Story Simply This"Rosalie

Fairy Chorus—"Leave Us Not, Maiden".

Solo—"Home Is Home"Rosalie

Fairy Chorus—"All Honor To Thee".

Solo—"Hie Away, Hie Away"Fairy Queen

Tyrolen Chorus—"The Days They Come".

Who are ye, thus intruding?

Solo—"Your Friends Are We All".....Fairy Queen

Fairy Chorus—"We Are Fairies".

Solo—"I Behold Thee, One and All"Rosalie

Finale—"With What Joy"Fairies and Tyroliens

SCENE

Act I—Gipsy Camp.

Act II—Fairies Woodland Home.

GIPSY QUEEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mother Grunt (Gipsy Queen) Mary Ruminer
 Rosalie (Tyrolien Leader) Lucile Haas
 Fairy Queen Mary E. Mackey

GIPSY CHORUS—Mary Ellen Bateman, Eleanor Stevens, Lucile Stiker, Susie Sugg, Madge Oliver, Elfreda Hironimus, Belva Davis, Elizabeth Clements, Helen Keck, Lillidale Kreie, Bernice Klotz.

TYROLIEN CHORUS—Mary Louise Fitton, Hortense Utley, Helen Duncan, Katherine Scott, Gladys Woodward, Louise Leffel, Nina Walker, Mildred Barrett, Lucile Hempfling, Esther Barrett, Gladys Basler, Beulah Karnes.

FAIRY CHORUS—Edna Grabert, Mildred Bailey, Lydia Riecken, Hazel Williams, Carmen Wade, Flossie Crowder, Olive Kincheloe, Louise Toliver, Fern Leopold, Bertha Ashworth, Edith Blackburn, Sarah Conlin.



Act I.

Scene 2.

"A ransom she will bring
 Unto our band some day."



Act II.

"Oh beauteous beings, come speak to me."

Scene 1.



Act II.

"With what joy; fraught this happy meeting."

Scene 5.



ALUMNI DEBATING TEAM.

Paul Scherer, Mary Ruminer and Ivan B. Thomas represented the Mt. Vernon High School in a debate with an alumni team on Nov. 14, 1917. The High School team presented the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, that the federal government should maintain a strict censorship of the press. The High School team won with two votes.

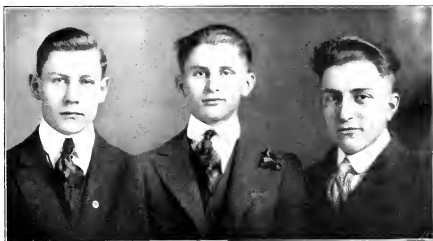


AFFIRMATIVE TEAM.

Mary Ruminer, Fred Thomas, and S. Jett Williams presented the affirmative side in the Evansville-Mt. Vernon dual debate. The question discussed was: Resolved, that the United States should finance the present war by taxation. Mt. Vernon won the decision with two votes.



Fred Thomas was the winner of the Quadrangle Oratorical Contest held at Petersburg May, 1917.



NEGATIVE TEAM.

Paul Scherer, Clarence Schenk, and Ivan B. Thomas presented the negative side of the question at Evansville. Evansville won the decision with two votes.



Paul Scherer represented Mt. Vernon in the County Contest in the State High School Discussion League where he discussed the question, "What should be the policy of the United States in financing the present war?" He was selected to represent Posey County in the District Contest held at Princeton, where he won second place.

ATHLETICS

PROGRAMME
A Play by the High School Athletic Association
Friday, December 14, 1917
At 8:00 O'clock

PART I.

Music High School Orchestra
Our Own Red, White and Blue Girls' Chorus
Jessie Pritchard, Elfreda Hironimus, Madge Oliver, Mildred Barrett, Lucile Haas, Lucile Hempfling, Mary E. Bateman, LaVerne Niblo, Mildred Bailey, Madeline Forthoffer.
She Wears a Red Cross on Her Sleeve Girls' Chorus
Elizabeth Clements, Roberta Owen, Flossie Crowder, Lucile Haas, Lucile Hempfling, Beulah Karnes, Lilliedale Kreie, Carmen Wade.
America First—Song Tableau
Flag Bearer—Herbert Kreie.
Miss Columbia—Gladys Basler.
Soldiers—Oliver Seifert, Paul Scherer, Jack Leonard, Dale DeFur.
Y. M. C. A. Workers— Fritz Diets, Arthur Thomas, Floyd LaDuke, Arthur Robb.

PART II.

A HERO OF THE GRIDIRON
A College Comedy in Three Acts
By Carlton Wright Miles

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack, a football hero Lyman Davis
Frank Thornton, weak but not wicked Orvan R. Hall
Thurston Hall, who makes a mistake Thomas Boyce
Billy Holt, the inevitable freshman S. Jett Williams
Henry Warwick, a product of "Yellow Journalism" Clarence Schenk
"Society Smith," one of the boys Walter G. Conlin
Rodney, another Lawrence Woodward
Sumner, another Ivan B. Thomas
Hayden, another Lionel Allen
Thomas Edward, "l' enfant terrible" Henry Luebbeman
An Old Man, Jack's father Orvan R. Hall
Eleanor Thornton, who loves a man for his strength Josephine Kelly
Anne Schnyler, who loves a man for his weakness Helen Keck
Betty Carewe, who loves a freshman Fern Leipold
Sally Middleton Eleanor Page
Katherine Stanton Dorothy Doerr
Edyth Burne-Jones, an Impressionist from the provinces Harriet Green
Mrs. Bone, the "Frat" House Matron Mary E. Mackey
Mrs. Vanche, a chaperon Mary Rumlner
Mrs. Curant, another Mary L. Fitton
Inga, the Swedish maid Flossie Crowder

Song Specialty Between Acts I and II.

"I Can't Do a Thing with My Hair Since It's Washed", LaVerne Niblo
Lucile Hempfling, Mary Ellen Bateman, Mildred Bailey, Gladys Basler,
Edna Grabert.

Scene

Act I— Living Room in the Gamma Tau Fraternity House—Afternoon.
Act II—Reception Room at the Grolier Club—Evening.
Act III— Same as Act I—The following morning.



Act II. Mrs. Curant: "A post card club! What is that?"



Act II. Thurston Hall: "There's your thief!"



AMERICA FIRST

By Frederick H. Martens

"No alien, autocratic thought shall find,
 An answering echo in our loyal mind,
 The common ardor of fraternal right, shall make us
 Comrades ever equal in each other's sight,
 No selfish domineering love for power,
 No useless discard of the idle hour
 Should turn us from the work of doing good,
 The glorious toil whose aim is universal brotherhood,
 America first has need of you,
 America first has work to do,
 America first our native land,
 If fight you must,
 For her, raise hand."



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Top Row: Eleanor Page, Blanche Neff, Josephine Kelley, Mary E. Mackey, Dorothy Doerr, Harriett Green.

Second Row: Roberta Cowen, Margaret Cooper, Edna Grabert, Helen Keck, Mrs. Sandefur, Coach; Elfreda Hironimus, Sarah Conlin, Mary Ellen Bateman.

Third Row: Carmen Wade, Mary Ruminer, Mildred Bailey, Madge Oliver, Susie Sugg, Mary Carr.

Bottom Row: Lucile Hemphling, Mildred Barrett, Beulah Karnes, Charlotte Green.

BASKETBALL 1918

Girls

The Mt. Vernon girls had a large delegation out for basketball. They seemed much interested in the sport and with the help of Mrs. Sandefur played a very successful season. The girls played curtain raisers for all the boys' games and made the basketball season a success financially. The first game played away from home was at Owensville. The girls making the trip to Owensville were:

Mary E. Mackey	J. Center
Eltreda Hironimus	S. Center
Mary E. Bateman	L. Forward
Helen Keck	R. Forward
Roberta Cowen	L. Guard
Mary Ruminer	R. Guard

Lucile Hempling and Harriett Green went as Subs. The girls came home with a score of 37 to 0. This showed the spirit and ability of the Mt. Vernon team. Owensville asked for revenge and at once the Mt. Vernon girls decided to give them an opportunity. The Owensville girls came full of pep, and confident of victory but when the whistle blew and the game started with

Mary E. Mackey	J. Center
Eltreda Hironimus	S. Center
Mary E. Bateman	L. Forward
Susie Suag	R. Forward
Lucile Hempling	L. Guard
Roberta Cowen	R. Guard

the Owensville girls were soon shown to be outclassed. The score at the end of the first half was 11 to 0. The second half started with:

Josephine Kelly	J. Center
Charlotte Green	S. Center
Harriett Green	L. Forward
Helen Keck	R. Forward
Mildred Barrett	L. Guard
Mary Ruminer	R. Guard

During the second half, Owensville began full of pep and made a point. The Mt. Vernon girls, just as high spirited, started scoring and made 31 points. The game ended with Mt. Vernon 42 and Owensville 1.

These games were very interesting and proved a success in every way.

Boys

Mt. Vernon High School with the coaching of Louis Ables, a former star athlete of this school, broke even on her Basketball schedule, winning three games and losing three. The playing throughout the season was very erratic.

The Mt. Vernon-Carmi game and the Mt. Vernon-Princeton game, both played at the former place, were two of the best games ever played on a local floor.

The men to be honored with the school monogram were Capt. Kreie, Cowen, Boyce, Davis, Dixon, Williams, Grossman and Ruminer.

Score of Games.

Mt. Vernon	37	New Harmony	27
Mt. Vernon	10	Carmi	78
Mt. Vernon	50	Owensville	6
Mt. Vernon	39	Owensville	7
Mt. Vernon	18	Carmi	34
Mt. Vernon	18	Princeton	24

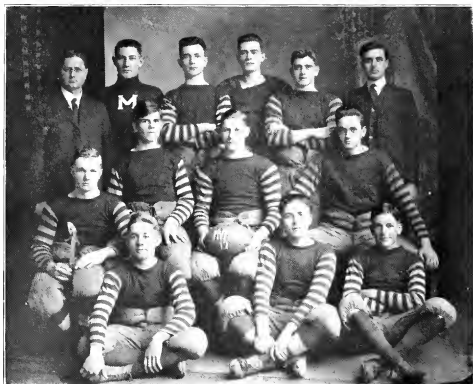


BOYS' BASKETBALL

Standing: Altes, Coach; Williams, C.

Sitting, Second Row: Davis, F.; Kreie, G., Capt.; Ruminer, F.

Bottom Row: Boyce, F.; Grossman, G.



FOOTBALL

Top Row: Mr. Sandefur, Principal; Herb Kreie, Lyman Davis, S. Jett Williams, Lawrence Woodward, Louis Alles, Coach.

Second Row: Lionel Allen, Ray Hames, Clarence Schenk, Captain; Charles Ruminer.

Bottom Row: Oliver Seifert, Sidney Grossman, Arthur Robb.

FOOT-BALL SEASON—1917.

Mt. Vernon did not have as successful a season as could have been expected, winning only two games and losing four. This showing can chiefly be attributed to injuries; making it impossible for the local high to have its full strength at any time during the season. At that, however, Mt. Vernon was only outplayed in one game, that at Evansville, which was played in mud, shoe top deep. This prevented Mt. Vernon's fast half-backs getting away for any runs. Allen of Mt. Vernon was picked as all-Pocket half-back, first team, and Grossman and Woodward as tackle and guard respectively, on second team.

We were unfortunate in not having a regularly employed coach for this season, but we were fortunate in that Louis Alles, a former athletic star gave his time and skill to help Mt. Vernon keep up her standard.

The following players were awarded letters at the end of the season.

Seifert	Left End
Grossman	Left Tackle
Woodward	Left Guard
Davis	Center
Robb	Right Guard
Kreie	Right Tackle
Schenk	Capt., Right End-Full Back
Rumner	Quarter Back
Allen	Left Half
Williams	Right Half
Cowen	Full Back
Hames	Sub

Scores of Games

Mt. Vernon	45	Owensville	0
Mt. Vernon	12	Boonville	21
Mt. Vernon	0	Boonville	19
Mt. Vernon	6	Morganfield	13
Mt. Vernon	35	Carmi	0
Mt. Vernon	0	Evansville	34

TRACK 1917

The track season of 1917 of the M. V. H. S. began with Mr. Allen as coach and the election of Wm. Ridenour as captain of the team. Our first contest was held at Wadesville in a County meet, Mt. Vernon being pitted against Wadesville, New Harmony, Griffin and Stewartsville combined. We succeeded in taking all firsts but one and returned with a score of 62½ to 37½ in our favor. Point winners for Mt. Vernon were Capt. Ridenour, Allen, Williams, Kaufman, Rethwisch, Ashworth, Reedle, Starken, Rumner and Cowen.

After about three weeks more of practice our track team, consisting of Capt. Ridenour, Rethwisch, Reedle, Rumner, Allen, Ashworth, Williams and Cowen were entered in the Quadrangle meet at Petersburg. Kaufman, our weight man, was unable to accompany the squad. This meet proved to be one of the fastest meets ever held under the Quadrangle rules. Although we were not the winners of the meet, we captured 13 points and several medals.



1917 TRACK

Top Row: Henry Ashworth, Lionel Allen, Mr. Allen, Coach; William Ridenour, Captain.

Second Row: Owen Cowen, William Ruminer, S. Jett Williams.

Third Row: Arnolus Reedle, Henry Retwisch.



THE ALUMNI

ALUMNI

Class of 1913

Teachers: Mary Miller, Dorothy Kreutzinger, Electia West, Agnes Lamb, Sylvanus Utley, James Monroe, Gladys Robison, Joseph Duckworth.

In College: Howard Breece, University of Illinois; Fred Clements, Chicago University.

Married: Joseph Duckworth and Agnes Blesch. Ralph Staples and Loulie Blue. Edith Pickles, Gladys Robison, John Duncan.

In the Service: French Clements, Musician Navy. In the Infantry are Clerk Sam Hadden, Sergt. Kenneth Kiltz, Lemuel Phillips, Corp. Malcolm Jones and Malcolm Moore.

Georgia Alles is Assistant Librarian and Grace Dixon is Clerk at N'bos.

Class of 1914

Teachers: Aleen Calvert, Lucile Hardwick, Wilhelmina Jeffries, Mary Krele, Mary Wilsey and Ruby Allyn.

In College: Cullen Sugg, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Thayne Williams, Purdue; Edith Highman and Albert Hermesen, Indiana University.

In the Service: Lieut. Marcus Alldredge, Ambulance Corps, Corp. Ivan Carson, Musician; Lieut. William Edson, Lieut. Richard Miller, Corp. Chas. Zergiebel, Privates Fieldon McFadden, Walter O'Neal, and Albert Zuspahn.

Married: William Edson, Clifford Merchanthouse, Elwood Burlison, Leslie Johnson, Richard Miller, Carlina Cowen, Norma Sailor, Sybil Swinterton and Jessie Schierbaum.

Stenographers: Nell Griess, at L. L. Hurley's; Lola Tischendorf, at Jarodzki's; Van Whiting, Indianapolis; Fred Welborn, Mt. Vernon Strawboard Co.; Ruth Hall, Telephone Co.

Class of 1915

Teachers: Frank Grant, Wilfred Phillips, Dora Helm, Izora Ruminer, Phyllis Schierbaum, Nora David and Nannie Jeffries.

In College: Edson Erwin, Chicago University; John Sander and William Han-shoe, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In the Service: Corp. Boetticher Bailey, Ralph Bush, Sergt. Doyle Heironimus, Walter Griess, Everett Wild, Herman Kaufman, Lieut. Philip Rowe, Ivan McFadden in the Aviation Corps.

Married: Agnes Bates and Henry Hanner.

Stenographers: Kathryn Bokelman, Louise Mann, Florence Pfister.

Clerks: Floyd Douglas, Carl Griess, Harold Helmuth.

Class of 1916

Teachers: Chas. Hames, Carl Zimmerman, Anna Jones, Lucile Ludlow, Lorena Wedeking, Gussie Sheretz.

In College: Erwin Blackburn, Paul Hanshoe, Wm. Wilson, Florence Page and Pauline Bailey at Indiana University; Claude Wilson, at Purdue; Robert Keck, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Freda Reis, Berea, Ohio; Adelaide Hardwick, Oxford, Ohio; Helen Daniel, Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati.

In the Service: Kenneth Allison and Yoeman Louis Barter in the Navy, Edward Trafford in the Army.

Married: Betty Curry and Eva Highman.

Cecil Dixon attends Lockyear's. Miriam Fuelling is stenographer at Jarodzki's office; Louis Alles is athletic coach for M. V. H. S.; Hildred Oliver, Ruby Blackburn and Leona Russell are in the Civil Service at Washington, D. C.; Kenneth Crunk, Mt. Vernon National Bank; Helen Hironimus, Office Clerk, M. V. H. S.; Bob Joest, Automobile Works, Connersville; Raymond Zuspahn, Clerk at Bryant's; Helen Shryock, Stenographer at Indianapolis.

The Class of 1916 held its second reunion during the Christmas holidays, in the form of a banquet. Toasts were given to by-gone days, as well as the future, and past student jokes and incidents repeated. An informal "sing" followed the banquet.

Class of 1917

Teachers: Edward Esche, Emily Duncan, Dorothy Johnson, Lorena Roeder, Helen Williams, and Nell York.

In College: Margaret Doerr, Wisconsin University; Mary Stinson, Sweet Briar College; Gladys Rosenbaum, Milwaukee Douner; Anne Fullinwider, Appleton Conservatory of Music; Lena Alexander, State Normal; Jamie Bailey, Gertrude Luebberrmann, Wm. Ridenour at Indiana University; Rachel Harlem, Smith College.

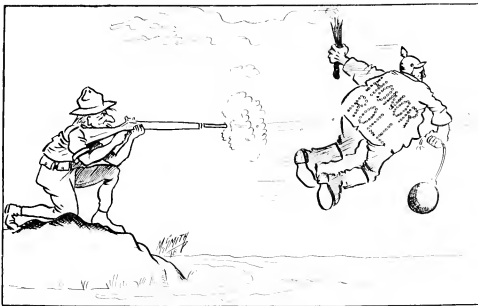
Married: Aloise Blockley and Norma Wade.

In the Service: Wm. Ruminer, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.; Henry Retwisch, Civil Service.

Roscoe Bayer, Clerk L. & N. R. R.; Arthur Ehrhardt, Lockyear's Business College; Allen Green, Clerk Fuhrer Ford Milling Co.; Anna Alles, Clerk in County Agent's Office; Mary Louise Black, Stenographer at Keck-Gonnerman Co.; Eunice Caborn, Stenographer at Trimble's Office; Ruth Dexheimer, Mt. Vernon National Bank; Elfreda Frick, Bookkeeper at Short's; Ruth Schultheis, Clerk at Pearson's Store; Mildred Prenzel, Cashier at Stinson's Store; Beulah Rhodes and Myrtle Green, Clerks at Rosenbaum's; Tim Crunk, Clerk at Hartung's.

Service Flag

On April 18, a beautiful service flag containing sixty-four stars was dedicated to the Alumni boys in service. The flag was presented to the High School by Mr. James Pearson and Son. At the same time a large silk flag bought by the high school students and an Honor Roll given by the faculty, were presented.



- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1. Marcus Alldredge,
Lieut. U. S. Ambulance Corps
(now in France). | 23. Harold Johnson,
U. S. A. | 45. Wm. Rummier,
U. S. Hospital Corps. |
| 2. Kenneth Allison,
U. S. N. | 24. Raymond A. Johnson,
U. S. A. | 46. John R. Schisley,
Musician U. S. Inf. |
| 3. William Allyn,
Quartermaster Department. | 25. Beauford Jones,
U. S. N. | 47. Earl Sloat,
Sergt. U. S. Inf. |
| 4. Boetticher Bailey,
Corp. U. S. Inf. | 26. Malcolm Jones,
Corp. Ammunition Train. | 48. Edward Thomson,
Radio Service U. S. N. |
| 5. Bert Barter,
Musician U. S. Inf. | 27. Herman Kaufman,
U. S. A. | 49. Louis Wasem,
U. S. Ambulance Corps (now
in France). |
| 6. Louis Barter,
Yeoman U. S. N. | 28. Kenneth Kiltz,
Sergt. U. S. A. | 50. Cyril R. Williams,
Lieut. U. S. Inf. |
| 7. John Batteiger,
U. S. Inf. | 29. Ralph Kuebler, First Class
Sergt. Chem. Dept. U. S. Eng. | 51. Everett Wild,
U. S. A. |
| 8. Gilbert Behrick,
Sergt. U. S. Signal Corps. | 30. William F. Maurer,
Corp. U. S. A. | 52. George H. Wilson,
Capt. Medical Corps. |
| 9. Ralph Bush,
U. S. Inf. | 31. Fieldon McFadden,
U. S. A. | 53. Clarence Williams,
Ordinance Dept. U. S. A.
(now in France). |
| 10. Wilfred Carr,
Musician U. S. Inf. | 32. Ivan McFadden,
Aviation Corps. | 54. Charles Zergiebel,
Corp. U. S. Inf. |
| 11. Ivan D. Carson,
Corp. Musician U. S. Inf. | 33. Kenneth Miller,
Sergt. U. S. Inf. | 55. Albert Zaspau,
U. S. A. Eng. Corps. |
| 12. Buford Chambers,
Corp. U. S. Inf. | 34. Richard Miller,
Lieut. U. S. Inf. | 56. Edward Trafford,
U. S. Inf. |
| 13. French Clements,
Musician U. S. N. | 35. Herschel Millspangh,
U. S. A. | 57. Lloyd D. Sugg,
Deceased. |
| 14. Carl Curtis,
U. S. A. (now in France). | 36. Malcolm Moore,
U. S. A. | 58. Gus Jeffries,
U. S. Inf. |
| 15. Harry Davis,
U. S. A. | 37. Theodore Oesterman,
U. S. A. | 59. Leslie Johnson,
U. S. Inf. |
| 16. Elmer Durlin,
U. S. Inf. (now in France). | 38. Raymond Oliver,
U. S. Inf. | 60. Fred Clements,
U. S. Med. Reserve. |
| 17. William Edson,
Lieut. U. S. Inf. | 39. Walter O'Neal,
U. S. A. | 61. Andrew Bokemann,
Aviation Corps. |
| 18. Walter Greiss,
U. S. A. | 40. Lemuel Phillips,
U. S. Inf. | 62. Arthur Streeby,
U. S. A. |
| 19. Phil Haas,
Chief Yeoman, U. S. N. | 41. Wayne Pickles,
U. S. A. (now in France) | 63. Cydus L. Moore,
U. S. A. |
| 20. Samuel Hadden,
Sergt. U. S. Co. Clerk. | 42. Lester Rowe,
Sergt. U. S. Inf. | 64. Charles Hames,
Aviation Corps. |
| 21. Doyle Heironimus,
Sergt. U. S. Inf. | 43. Phillip E. Rowe,
Lieut. U. S. Inf. | 65. Thayne Williams,
Signal Corps. |
| 22. Geo. P. Hironimus,
Com'd't. R. O. T. C. Wash.
Jeff. U. | 44. Roscoe C. Rowe,
U. S. N. | |



**STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN 14.5 CREDITS AND
FEWER THAN 21 CREDITS**

- Top Row: Herbert Krele, Clarence Lawrence, Tom Boyce, Owen Cowen, Jack Leonard, John E. Doerr.
- Second Row: Wayne Klotz, Lawrence Woodward, Mark Crunk, Arch Thomas, Arthur Robb, James Morlock.
- Third Row: Oswald Benner, Elisha Blackburn, Mary E. Mackey, Mary Ellen Bateman, Gladys Basler, Grace Blackburn, Louise Leffel.
- Fourth Row: Edna Sturm, Gladys Woodward, Carmen Wade, Elizabeth Spencer, Esther Menzies, Hazel Williams.
- Fifth Row: Blanche Neff, Beulah Karnes, Lucile Haas, Edna Trousdale, Marie Souder, Lucile Stiker, Olive Kincheloe.
- Sixth Row: Mary Carr, Madge Oliver, Susie Sugg, Mary Louise Fitton, Fern Leipold, Jessie Pritchard, Belva Davis.
- Seventh Row: Elsie Sheretz, Elfreda Hironimus, Helen Keck, Alice Grabhorn, Lydia Riecken, Olivia Martin, Hazel Kagle.



**STUDENTS HAVING MORE THAN SEVEN CREDITS AND FEWER
THAN FOURTEEN AND FIVE-TENTHS CREDITS**

Top Row: Mark Dawson, Frank Harlem, Clarence Kuhn, Thomas Wier, Charles Ruminer.

Second Row: William Dietz, Malcolm Alldredge, Bernard Luehbermann, Floyd LaDuke, James Pearson.

Third Row: John Alvin Starkin, Edward Mann, Henry Ashworth, Fritz Dietz, Erwin Krete, Sam Topper.

Fourth Row: Kelly Johnson, Fred Hageman, Hortense Utley, Helen Lawrence, Jessie Lamb, Emily Boyce.

Fifth Row: Roberta Cowen, Lucile Hempfling, Arthur Thomas, Mildred Barret, Evelyn Baro, Nina Walker.

Sixth Row: Elizabeth Clements, Edith Blackburn, Annabelle Raymond, Bessie Adams, Eula Bernd, Margaret Seibert.

Seventh Row: Adabelle French, Charlotte Green, Eleanor Stevens, Jesse May Laver, Esther Barrett.

Bottom Row: LaVerne Niblo, Edna Grabert, Gladys Wolfinger, Estella Oeth.



STUDENTS HAVING FEWER THAN SEVEN CREDITS

- Top Row: Horace Hames, Alfred Starkin, Roy Schlomer, David Culley, Merle Allyn.
- Second Row: Buford Roach, Goble McFadden, Fred Gill, Marvin Cooper, Clay Dixon.
- Third Row: Chas. Miller, Ira Perkins, Joe Moorehead, Edward Ruminer, Ger-tis Allen, Louie Ashworth.
- Fourth Row: Harold Miller, Gerard Welch, Harold Seibert, Chas. Ellis, Har-ry Boyce, Bascom Goodwin.
- Fifth Row: Fred Bamberger, Jas. Conner, Alfred Weir, Conlin Alexander, Wm. Espenschied, Teddy Gill.
- Sixth Row: Emily Alldredge, Mildred Bailey, Edna Sheretz, Beatrice Gross-man, Virginia Lee Noon, Lillie Dale Krele.
- Seventh Row: Louise Toliver, Helen Duncan, Hazel Schweitzer, Catherine Howard, Selma Bokelman, Ida Mae Bateman.
- Eighth Row: Margaret Cooper, Gladys Topper, Henrietta Fuelling, Edith Mann, Leola Miller, May Onyett.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL



M. L. DENBO
History



MARGARET YUNKER
Latin, Commercial and Geography



JULIETTE SCHISLEY
English



MARY RIEFENER
Arithmetic



WILLIAM RIECKEN
Algebra, Botany and Physiology

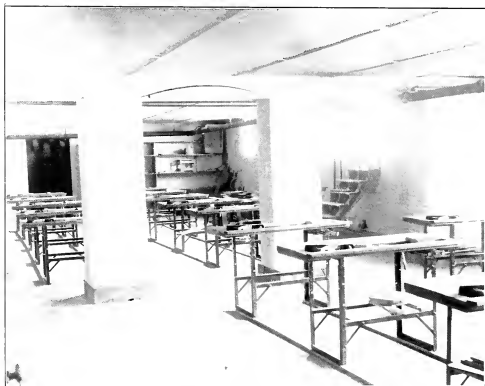


JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL CLASS

- Top Row: Arthur Roos, Gerald Joest, Kenneth Cartwright, Lancewell McCarty, Leland Whitman.
- Second Row: Florence York, Louise Nigg, Kathryn Schaeffer, Freda Bernd, Mildred VerWayne, Flora Woodward, Edith Green, Letha Causey, Carrie Tippitt, Rose Morelock, Mabel Walling, Margaret Sugg, Lucile Page.
- Third Row: Elmer Seifert, Mary L. Raben, Octavia Kuhn, Elva Oeth, Mary Lloyd Abell, Emily Markham, Mildred Hogan, Helen Ruling, Florence Schaeffer, Lucile Hagemann, Wm. Bottomley.
- Fourth Row: Leslie Pharr, Elsie Zimmerman, Mayme Cowen, Corinne Bryan, Merle Grimwood, Miriam Wilson, Lela Utley, Jessie Conlin, Dorothea Dietz, Gladys Smith, Lucile Jenkins, Annie Laura Billups.
- Fifth Row: Wilfred Pearson, Alfred Daniel, David Benthall, Teddy Bereman, Wymon Williams, James Hurley, Herman Stephens, Otis Dixon, Verdean Price, Chas. Lawrence.
- Sixth Row: Elmer Daws, Royal Kreie, Merle McFadden, Verlin Rhodes, Joy Held, Harold Dunn, Paul Pfister, Earl Hames, Winston Jones.



CORRIDOR AT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL.



MANUAL TRAINING SHOP



THE KITCHEN

SMILES

JOKES

Mr. Behrick: "Remember my son, that beauty is only skin deep."

Jake: "That's deep enough for me, I'm no cannibal."

—o—

Mr. Heinburger: "What is your favorite wild game?"

Nick: "Football."

—o—

"Dad, I was simply great in the relay events," boasted Lionel.

"That's fine, son," said his father. "Well, make use of those talents.

Your mother will soon be ready to relay the carpets."

—o—

Merle Allyn: "Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the lesser?"

Mr. Stinnett: "There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."

—o—

After an unsuccessful recitation in English, Miss Wiegand said:

"Alas, Clay, you are better fed than taught."

"That's right," said Clay, "You teach me—I feed myself."

—o—

Mr. Stinnett: "If H and O, were combined what would we have?"

Sidney: "Explosion."

—o—

Mr. Sandefur, reading minor elective classes: "Art Drawing VII, 6th Period, Lionel Allyn, Lucille Hempfling."

(Note)—The only question now is to get rid of Miss Dorsey.

—o—

Jett: "I had 2 tons run over me once."

Mr. Stinnett: "Is that what's the matter with you?"

—o—

Miss Adams: "If a man sold 1117 bushels of wheat for \$1117 a bushel what would he get?"

William Bokelmann: "An Automobile."

—o—

Miss Smith: "Name some of Robert Burns' songs?"

Jett, after a pause: "My heart's in the Highlands."

Miss Smith: "We're glad to know where it is."

Miss Dorsey: "Well, Jett, why didn't you pause, didn't you see that rest sign?"

Jett: "Yes, but I wasn't tired."

Miss LaDuke: "Now we shall see what a hard nut we have to crack. Owen, please stand up."

—o—

Mr. Painter, giving instructions about what to do in case of fire: "Above all things if clothes catch on fire, keep cool."

—o—

Miss Shordon is my teacher; I shall not pass. She maketh me to translate difficult sentences; she exposeth my ignorance before the whole class; she prepareth a test before m in the presence of mine comrades. Yes, though I study until midnight she will give me a low grade, and I will stay in Latin forever.

—o—

Miss Dorsey: "Jett, you would argue with St. Peter."

Orvan (in an aside): "He'll have to."

—o—

Mr. Stinnett: "What is density?"

Ira Perkins: "I can't define it, but I can furnish an illustration."

Mr. Stinnett: "The illustration is good. Sit down."

—o—

Dale DeFur (after collision): "Are you hurt?"

Butcher Boy: "Where's my liver?"

—o—

Harry Boyce: "I woke this morning with a queer sensation that my watch was gone."

Marvin Cooper: "Was it really gone?"

H. B.: "No, but it was going."

—o—

Miss Shordon: "Elizabeth, define 'coquette.'"

Elizabeth Clements: "A ball of minced meat, fowl, rice, or other ingredients highly seasoned and fried."

—o—

Louise had been sent to the kitchen with a dish pan. She dropped the pan. Miss Hanshoe anxiously asked, "Are you hurt?"

"Why, Miss Hanshoe, do you think I would rattle that way?" asked Louise.

—o—

It was a very icy morning in mid-winter. Professor Stinnett was picking his way carefully along the slippery pavement, when his feet suddenly shot heavenward, and he sat down with considerable force. Just then Rev. Press came by and thinking he saw a chance for a joke, said: "Ah! Professor, the wicked stand in slippery places!"

Professor Stinnett looked up at him a moment and snapped back: "So I see, but I'll be dinged if I can."

Mr. Sandefur: "What lesson do we learn from the attack on the Dardanelles?"

Owen: "That a straight beats three kings."

Miss LaDuke to Owen who came to school with his finger tied up: "What's the matter, Owen?"

Nick: "Got a splinter in my finger."

Miss LaDuke: "That's a bad habit you have, scratching your head."

—o—

New freshies are wise, some are otherwise.

—o—

Mr. Sandefur: "Well, Henry, why are you opposed to war?"

Henry Lueberman: "'Cause war makes history and there's more than I can ever learn now."

—o—

William McKelligott's father: "How's my boy getting along with his studies?"

"Pleasantly", answered Mr. Painter, "He doesn't bother them."

—o—

Orvan: "Say, Jett, did you ever make an idiot of yourself over women?"

Jett: "An idiot? Sure, I've made myself an entire asylum."

—o—

Mr. Sandefur (shaking Duffy): "My boy, I believe the devil has a hold of you."

Duffy: "I believe he has, too."

—o—

Mr. Stinnett: "What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Orvan: "The moth because it eats nothing but holes."

—o—

Miss Smith: "What is the difference between results and consequences?"

Mary E. Mackey: "Results are what you expect and consequences are what you get."

—o—

A little girl on a night in June
Said while looking at the moon
"What makes your face so bright
On this eve, why so much light?"
Replied the moon
So quick and soon
"I'm proud of the class,
Of each laddies and lass
Of nineteen hundred and eighteen.
It's the finest class ever was seen
To leave old M. V. H. S.
This I earnestly do confess."

—JOSEPHINE KELLY.

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31. Something New Senior Play
32. The Wonderful Year 1918
33. Seventeen Henry Chambers
34. The Extra Day Saturday School
35. Further Foolishness Sixty Minute Periods
36. The Man in Evening Clothes S. Jett Williams



A Sad Week in M. V. H. S.

The year had gloomily begun For Nick C., a poor man's	Sun.
He was beset with bill and dun And he had very little	Mon.
"This cash," he said, "Won't pay my dues I've nothing here but ones and	Tues."
A bright thought struck him and he said "The rich Miss Keck I will	Wed."
But when he paid his court to her She lisped, but firmly said: "No,	Thur."
"Alas," he cried, "Then I must die! I'm done! I'll drown! I'll burn! I'll	Fri."
They found his gloves, his coat, his hat Dr. Barret, the coroner, upon them	Sat.



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I have no pony



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The boys behind the boys behind the guns.



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We won all of our games



Some of the Sweet



7:00 PM sharp.



My place of Business



No



Twins? Yes



No



Y.M.C.A.



Literary Editor



"A mere scrap of paper"



Editor in chief



Dignity + Impudence



We backed the Hoop-Pole



The Orchestra



All in the game



Campus — looking East

HIGH SCHOOL SKETCHES BY HANK HALL

With Apologies to Abe Martin

It takes all kinds o' folks t' make a world, including th' feller who's allus borrowin' your lead pencil durin' a test.

If it wuzn' fer th' fellers who "hadn't enough time" who'd furnish an outlet for the faculty's sarcasm.

Next t' a Shanghai rooster er a little girl with her first parasol, ther hain't nothin' as proud as the feller who's asked t' go down stairs and ring the bell.

After commencement a startlin' discovery is made by most Seniors: Diplomacy ain't a synonym fer job.

What most High School students need is an eight hour night.

There's nothin' so disgustin' as th' speaker who begins his Assembly room talk, by springing that well known favorite, "I am not goin' t' keep you long from your interestin' classes," and then expects a laugh.

You kin fool part o' th' parents all th' time and all o' th' parents part o' the time—but not on a blank in th' deportment space.

Th' ink bottle on th' Assembly room desk is about th' only thing that works too good.

Next t' listenin' t' somebuddy relatin' a story read outside o' class, ther haint nothin' as tiresome as waitin' fer th' last period t' end.

Ever'thing comes to him who waits but a reference book.

Who remembers th' good old days o' forty minutes periods and 3:13 dismissal.

Th' poor we allus have with us t'gether with th' feller who says, "You just watch me make a deportment grade this next period."

A farewell party wuz given t' day fer Miss Amanda Perkins who has been asked t' take a Ford ride with Herb Forthoffer t'morrer.

O! fer a inventor o' odorless Sen-Sens and Mints.

A warnin' is all th' average High School student needs t' make him take a chance.

The longer it takes you t' select an easy subject the harder it is.

Some fellers' idea o' reciprocity is returnin' your pencil and borrowin' your theme tablet.

Why is it that some folks can't get noticed in the Assembly?

Advice t' students: Garlic will destroy th' odor of onions.

An optimist is a feller who believes that th' test set fer t'morrer will be pusponed.

There must be such a thing as th' element o' luck, er how could some people make credits.

One o' the most pathutic spectacles o' life is a student endeavorin' t' write a three page theme while th' attendance is bein' taken.

It pays t' be good in the long run, but examination week is allus so far off.

Some folks' idea o' courtesy is runnin' int' you, knockin' you clear across the hall and smilin'ly sayin', "O pardon me."

If you want t' learn a feller's politics, get into his Civics class.

'Bout th' greatest marvel o' th' twentieth century is Mr. Sandefur's ability t' hide his politics.

There hain't nothin' as hard as a easy test.

One advantage 'bout havin' only one suit o' clothes,—you've allus got your lead pencil.

We all like our relatives when we graduate.

There's a reason fer everything—unless it is th' bell that rings ten minutes 'fore one.

Th' saddest words of tongue er pen "Please let me back in class again."

Students that blurt out just what they think, wouldn't be so bad if they thought.

Anybuddy that's tried t' git through the lower hall between classes, kin realize what a "mass formation" is.

It's bad enough to have to stay in one place fifty-seven minutes, let alone being expected to study part o' the time.



OUR ALBUM

Page One

Top Row: Glenn Knight, Juanita Tudor, Ray Hames.

Second Row: Benjamin Seifert, Track Captain, Editor-in-Chief of Hoop-Pole, Joke Editor.

Third Row: Bertha Ashworth, Winfred Allyn, Loren Russell.

Bottom Row: Representative to District Discussion, Harriett Gree, Hazel Bottomley (below) William McKelligott, Katheryn Scott.

Page Two

Top Row: Madeline Forthoffer, Dorothy Doerr, Dale DeFur, Class Poet.

Second Row: Ruth Coke, Charlotte Brinkman, Business Manager, Raymond Schneider.

Third Row: Lillian Stephens, Bessie Jeffries, Class Historian, Walter Conlin, Clarence Schenk (above) Class Prophetess (below).

Bottom Row: Eleanor Page, Mary Ruminer, Mildred Blakely, Class Attorney, Charles Bonnell.





"NURSERY RHYMES"

Tom, Tom, the druggist's son,
Cut his face when he tried to run;
The cut was bad, and Tom was mad,
And the clothes line still swings in the sun.

—o—

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses, and all the King's men
Could never make Fern e'en try it again.

—o—

A dillar, a dollar, a four o'clock scholar,
It makes us so sore,
We used to close at three o'clock
And now we close at four.

—o—

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The orchestra's waiting as sure as you're born;
Where's the little boy that plays on the drum?
Ask Susie Sugg.

—o—

Little Miss Latin
Her class room she sat in
A-riding her pony so gay;
Along came the teacher,
Right where she could reach her,
And frightened the pony away.

—o—

Little Nick Horner sat in a corner,
Because he could not behave;
The teacher, she took
Her little green book,
And wrote, "O my, what a knave."

—o—

Hey diddle, diddle, the horn and the fiddle,
What makes you quit so soon?
The assembly enjoys such a furious noise,
And the trombone runs off with the tune.

—o—

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your average go?
A's, no B's, in Music, P's,
And hundreds all in a row.

—o—

Said a Freshie: "Oh, gee, it's no use,—
Right or wrong, I get all the abuse,
For "they" think I'm a fool—(everyone in the school)
Though of course that's a flimsy excuse.

"It just makes me so mad I could croak,
WHY is it that I'm the prize joke?
They all call me 'sonny', and act like it's funny,
Because I get sick when I smoke.

"But you betcha I'm not gonna stay
The Goat of the whole school away,
For each dignified Semor, despite his demeanor,
Was a green little Freshie one day."

—L. E. A.

AUTOGRAPHS

WE THANK YOU!

We, the Business Staff of the Mt. Vernon High School Annual, in behalf of the Senior class of 1918, wish to extend to our business and professional friends, our sincere thanks and appreciation for their courtesy and liberality in assisting us in making our efforts a success.

We trust and hope the benefits derived will be mutual.

JOSEPHINE KELLEY, Business Manager,
Assistants.

Clarence Schenk
Walter G. Conlin
Loren Russel
Paul Scherer

Eleanor Page
Harriett Green
Madeline Fortoffer
Lillian Stephens



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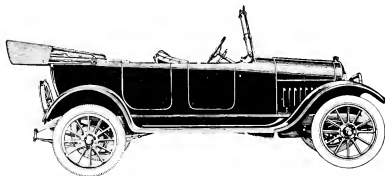
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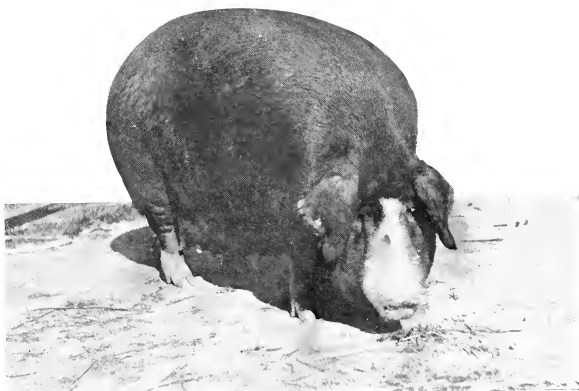
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"This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.

A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!" He snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.

Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bested,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause on the heroic day."



This poem has a practical life lesson for each of you. The man who succeeds is the man who has the ability to make use of the tools at hand—not the one who sits and dreams of the possessions of his neighbor.

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